

EDITORIALS

The School Board

The 22,000 registered voters in Torrance may go to the polls tomorrow to vote for three positions on the school board. Three incumbents seek re-election and twelve more have offered themselves as candidates. If history repeats, and there is no undercover political efforts, the voting will be light.

For the incumbents, notably Mrs. Grace Wright, who has served since the inception of the Torrance Unified School District, it can be said with accuracy that they have served on a board that is successfully meeting the challenging demands of the community. The service they have had thus far has given them experience that should now be of greater value to the schools.

It is generally agreed in school administrative circles throughout the state that members of the Torrance school board enjoy the distinction of being among the best instructed and informed school board members in California. This is a tribute to the ability and thoroughness of our paid administrators as well as to the character and devotion to duty of the men and women who have served on our school boards.

There is no great issue at stake in tomorrow's school election. From our rather close observation, our school board has been doing about as well as could be expected under the trying conditions induced by the almost uncontrollable growth of the district.

It is good also to see the great number of fine men and women who are expressing a desire to serve their community by seeking election to the board. The welfare of our schools should ever be a primary consideration in our civic thinking and these citizens, willing to have their names placed on the ballot, are giving concrete evidence of an interest in their community.

School board members serve without pay. They give up many hours of what might otherwise be leisure time to public service. Often, such fine public service goes unnoticed and unappreciated. Yet, the satisfaction a good board member feels in realization that he or she is performing a most vital public service is in itself a rich reward.

Go to the polls tomorrow and vote. When you select the three candidates, do so with one thought only in mind: will this candidate do the best job for the community?

Bad News for Torrance

Bad news travels fast! And a piece of bad news which is probably traveling at supersonic speed throughout the industrial circles of the western states today is the city's new attitude on industry—an attitude expressed on successive meetings of the City Council where industry was given a kick in the pants. Last week the ruling three on the Council—Messrs. Benstead, Isen, and Jahn—pushed through a motion to initiate condemnation proceedings on 50 acres of the city's most valuable industrial property to be converted to a city park.

The HERALD will not quarrel with reasoned efforts to secure adequate park sites for Torrance, but this newspaper questions the judgment of three Councilmen who consider one expensive park more important than high-volume, revenue-producing industrial land when adequate park sites are available in other areas.

This week, the same three Councilmen balked at passing the ordinance rezoning of a 90-foot strip of land along Carson St. which had been approved by the Council three months ago.

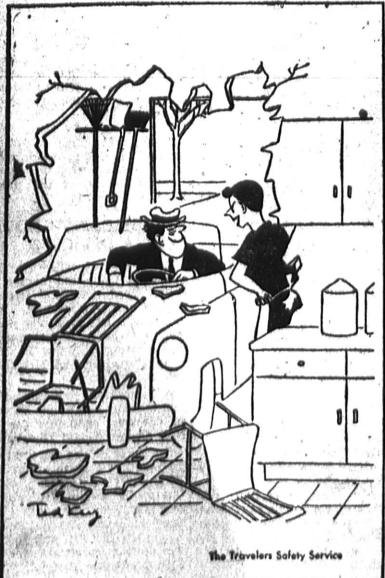
By its hostile attitude toward industry, the Council is tearing down the accomplishments of the city's promotions throughout the nation for many years.

Industry has been the backbone of the city's economy since its founding more than 44 years ago, and much of the present development of the city is attributable to the excellent tax structure afforded Torrance by its favorable industrial balance.

If the hostile attitude is to prevail, the days of Torrance's industrial development may be near an end—which could seriously effect the future economy of the city and directly the tax bill of every single home in the city.

The HERALD would suggest that members of the Council give more thought to the future industrial development of the city and less to the fulfillment of political obligations to noisy minority factions of the populace.

Fatal Fallacies by Ted Key



"Tied one on asein?"

To Future In Being Nice!



Behind the Scenes

By REYNOLDS KNIGHT

At the end of April the difference between 1955 and 1956 in production of automobiles and trucks was 614,000 vehicles, a drop of 21 per cent. The decline was accelerating. It was made up of an 8 per cent year-to-year decline in January, one of 18 per cent in February, and a 27 per cent slump in March and April.

These months, before good weather arrives in earnest, are the ones in which automobile dealers' floor stocks build up. By June a seasonal factor will tend to depress output further. Tentative conclusions:

Nineteen fifty-six won't be the second-best year, as the industry predicted. The 6.7-million total of 1956 seems out of reach.

Those dealers who kept saying last year that sales were being "borrowed" are vindicated. Some two million persons who trade in cars after two years have one-year-old cars they were coaxed to buy by easy terms and high trade-ins last year.

Supplemental unemployment benefits, starting in June, may strain the auto workers' union internally. A lot of low-seniority workers will be getting that pay though idle, while their senior workers work 40 hours for a mere third-of-a-week's pay more.

Science Week Next?—Applying a modern promotional technique to the thousands of modern measuring, testing and control devices he and his fellows have devised, the president of the Scientific Apparatus Makers' Assn. proposes a nationally recognized Science Week.

"This," said Henry F. Dever, president of SAMA and of the Brown Instruments Division of Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., "would go to the grass roots where our principal problem in scientific progress lies: Today half our graduating high school students are without any science instruction. That's why there's a nationwide shortage of technical manpower."

Shortages in such manpower create difficult problems for instrumentation. Mr. Dever pointed out, but at the same time growing instrumentation helps solve some of the identical problems. Instruments, he explained, do more and more of the tedious work the scientist must have done to test his theories and check out his solutions, thus multiplying the actual effectiveness of his trained mind.

Things To Come—A new nonflammable paint remover is washed off after application, bringing the paint with it. Drills can be given a professional sharpening by the do-it-yourselfer who has a new attachment. A three-pound spray bomb of a new silicone-wax compound will waterproof all the family's outer garments for all summer. Only an hour's work will set up a new playhouse. It comes knocked down in six sections. Out in Hollywood they

are painting owls on plastic cards, for hanging in gardens to scare birds off fruit.

Folding 'Em Up—Convenience is the key word in packaging nowadays, and for one container, the collapsible metal tube, this factor is sending sales curves upward. Production of fold-up metal tubes is at an all-time high, outstripping by a wide margin the gains in population and consumer spending for non-durable goods.

In the first quarter of 1956, shipments of metal tubes for pharmaceuticals, cosmetics, shaving creams, dentifrices, food products, and household and industrial items totaled 320,307,244 units, a 27.3 per cent jump over the same period in 1955. March shipments of 117,403,344 units also were the highest for a single month and marked the seventh consecutive month of record shipments. The U.S. tube industry is made up of 14 companies with 20 plants in 12 states.

Weevil Sequel—Last year, throughout the eastern Cotton Belt where a crop depends on the gifts of Nature (in California and the Rio Grande Valley the rainfall comes out of a pipe or along a ditch), the plants were growing up under perfect conditions, eventually to turn out a crop that astonished the official forecasters.

This year, as a consequence of all that lush growth, there's a record horde of boll weevils lurking for the crop to grow up and set the squares that become the fruiting bolls. The Department of Agriculture and state extension services are alarmed.

Actually, there are always enough boll weevils to go

around, and the damage they do is decided in August, not May. If there are enough rains to wash off repeated applications of calcium arsenate and flour, the farmer finally runs out of patience, money, poison, or all three, and lets the insects have the crop.

Bits of Business—Steel output last week was about 2,274,000 tons, the American Iron and Steel Institute believes. Department store sales in the week ending April 25 were down 3 per cent from 1955. Paper production in the April 28 week was 103 per cent of rated capacity. Coal production in the April 28 week crossed the 10-million ton mark, says the National Coal Association.

and I Quote

"Modesty is the feeling that others will discover for themselves how wonderful you are."—Ben Cutler.

"Too often a man considers himself a careful driver if he slows down as he passes a red light."—Elise Rhodes.

"Women serve as looking glasses, possessing the magic power of reflecting the figure of a man at twice its natural size."—Virginia Woolf.

"A lot of guys are shocked to learn that they aren't electricians."—Nat Curran.

IN HOMETOWN AMERICA



Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLAZER

It was the middle of the night and my five-year-old nephew, Pinty Pim, was fast asleep in his comfy little bed. Suddenly, Nature outside cut loose with a blinding display of lightning and a deafening barrage of thunder. Bolting upright, Pinty Pim howled: "Mommy, mommy, tell daddy to quit fooling with the TV set."

Mr. Shnook, the marriage broker, announced today: "When a woman pays \$50 at the beauty parlor, she is taken for Kim Novak and her husband is taken for \$50."

She was the new switch-board operator and she was obviously young, inexperienced and just out of high school. Her very first incoming call was from a gruff businessman who barked: "Let me talk to Mr. Stevens quick!" "I'm sorry," stammered the frightened girl, "but Mr. Stevens is out on his vacation for the moment."

"If all the autos in this country were placed bumper to bumper," says Sparkie, my auto mechanic, "at least 85 per cent of them would immediately pull out to pass the car in front."

Precious dialogue from a TV show while a witness was being questioned in court: "There was a woman with him in this car, and from the

way he talked to her I'd say she was his wife."

It happened while the Navy's precision tactical squadron, the Blue Angels, were streaking their jets through a breathtaking reverse Cuban eight and an eye-popping barrel roll. Standing below on terra firma, my Uncle Shloomp was asked: "How would you like to be up there with one of those pilots?" and Shloomp very somberly replied: "I'd rather be up there WITH him than WITHOUT him."

"There are three classifications of people," announced Grandfather Globber, the old sage. "Those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, and those who have no idea what is happening."

Zip, the world traveler, claims he has a solution for auto speed maniacs. "When a man leaves one town en route to another, he will be asked to punch out, showing the time he left. Then," continues Zip, "if he reaches the second town too soon, he is given a citation for speeding!"

As the completely demolished 1956 automobile lay on its side, just off the freeway, its license plate letters stood out in mocking bold outline: "POW."

I wonder how many HI-FI sets were cleaned this week by the HI-FI Cleaners of Sherman Oaks?

There was once a lion tamer whose father before him had also been a lion tamer. And every time this young lion tamer sticks his head into the lion's mouth you must realize what he's doing. He's looking for his father.

"Have you ever tried to buy a tooth paste tube marked 'Small'?" asked my Uncle Phyp, the philosopher. "The small size," explains Phyp, "is labeled 'Large', the medium size is 'Giant' and the large size is 'Super'."

Once upon a time, a baby bald eagle became a hi fi fan. Said the Mother Eagle one day: "Now you be careful, baby. Don't you go too hi or you'll fly away."

Charlie, my personal tailor, defines flour as: "Something soft like air that a young housewife turns into something hard like cement."

Linko, the realtor, was holding open house at a new subdivision. Espying a likely looking prospect, Linko inquired: "Young man, would you like to see a model home?" "I sure would," beamed the lad, "where is she?"

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

Flip a coin. That's gambling. Cross a busy street against the light.

That's gambling, too. Even the most avid opponents of gambling would be hard put to deny that life is a gamble. Every day of every year of our lives, we are called upon to gamble—maybe not for money, but for our lives.

Cross the street at a busy intersection against the light. Maybe nine times out of 10, the car will screech to a halt and let you get across safely. The other time you may lose your life.

Throughout your life, you may be called upon to make decisions which will affect the rest of your life. They may be split-second decisions. Nonetheless these decisions may mean life or death, happiness or unhappiness, riches or poverty. Most decisions aren't in this category. A few are.

For instance, had I not decided to get a cup of coffee

in a school cafeteria one day, I would never have met my future wife. Had I not been intrigued by a letter I happened to see, I would never have come to California. Nearly everyone can say that their lives have been changed by such incidents.

Many of the great American fortunes have been made by men whose luck, coupled with vision and ability, have made them rich. Fortunes have been made by a split-second's right decision. They have been lost by equally momentary wrong decisions.

Recent American history shows how greatly events may be changed by accidents. If Abraham Lincoln had not been assassinated, what might have happened to his reconstruction program and the Negro problem in the South today?

If William McKinley had not been assassinated, what would have happened to Theodore Roosevelt?

If an assassin had been able to aim straight and had killed Franklin Roosevelt instead of the mayor of Chicago, what would have happened to the New Deal?

Chances play a large part in everyone's life, and it is the person who can figure the odds correctly who succeeds. A person must be at the right place at the right time with the right equipment.

Even then, he may not succeed.

The wheel of fortune spins crazily sometimes, and where it stops, nobody knows. You can flip a coin to find out what's going to happen or you can consult a crystal ball. The answer is still to use your head.

Counselor in Human Relations

That's ANN LANDERS



Other people's problems are her business! Ann Landers, above, writes the warmly human column, "Your Problems," a new feature for readers of the HERALD beginning May 31.

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EVERYONE'S GOIN'... Scout-A-Scope, the big show of the Los Angeles Area Council in the Coliseum on June 2nd. Tickets can be obtained from any Scout from Explorer to Cub, and here two enterprising Scouts get some bumper strips to advertise the event. Explorer Jim Williamson of Post 502X and Cub Scout Jon Harting of 592C are making plans for the big night.